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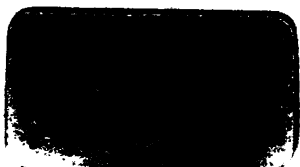
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OF THE PLAINS

by

L. MERIWETHER HUGHES

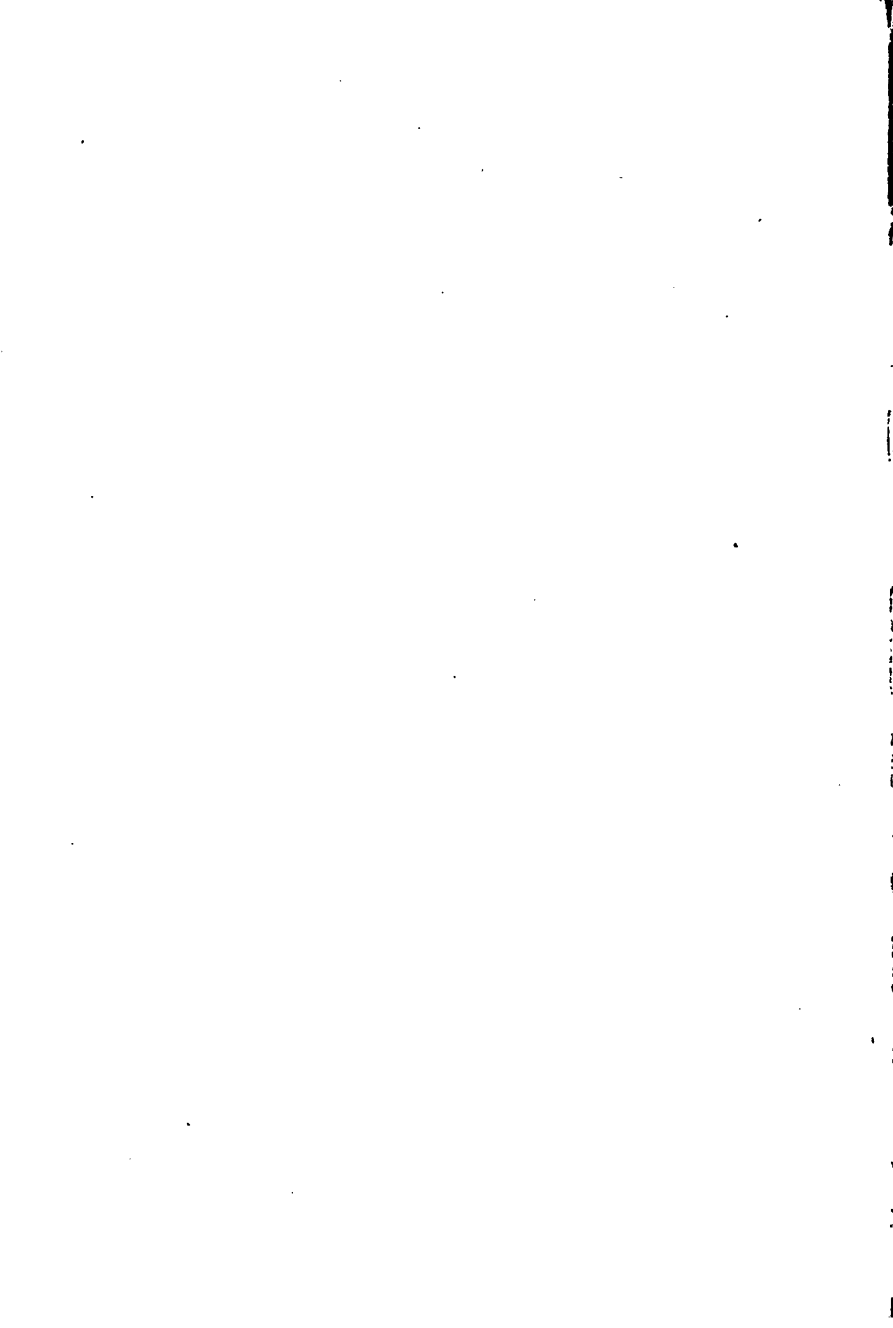




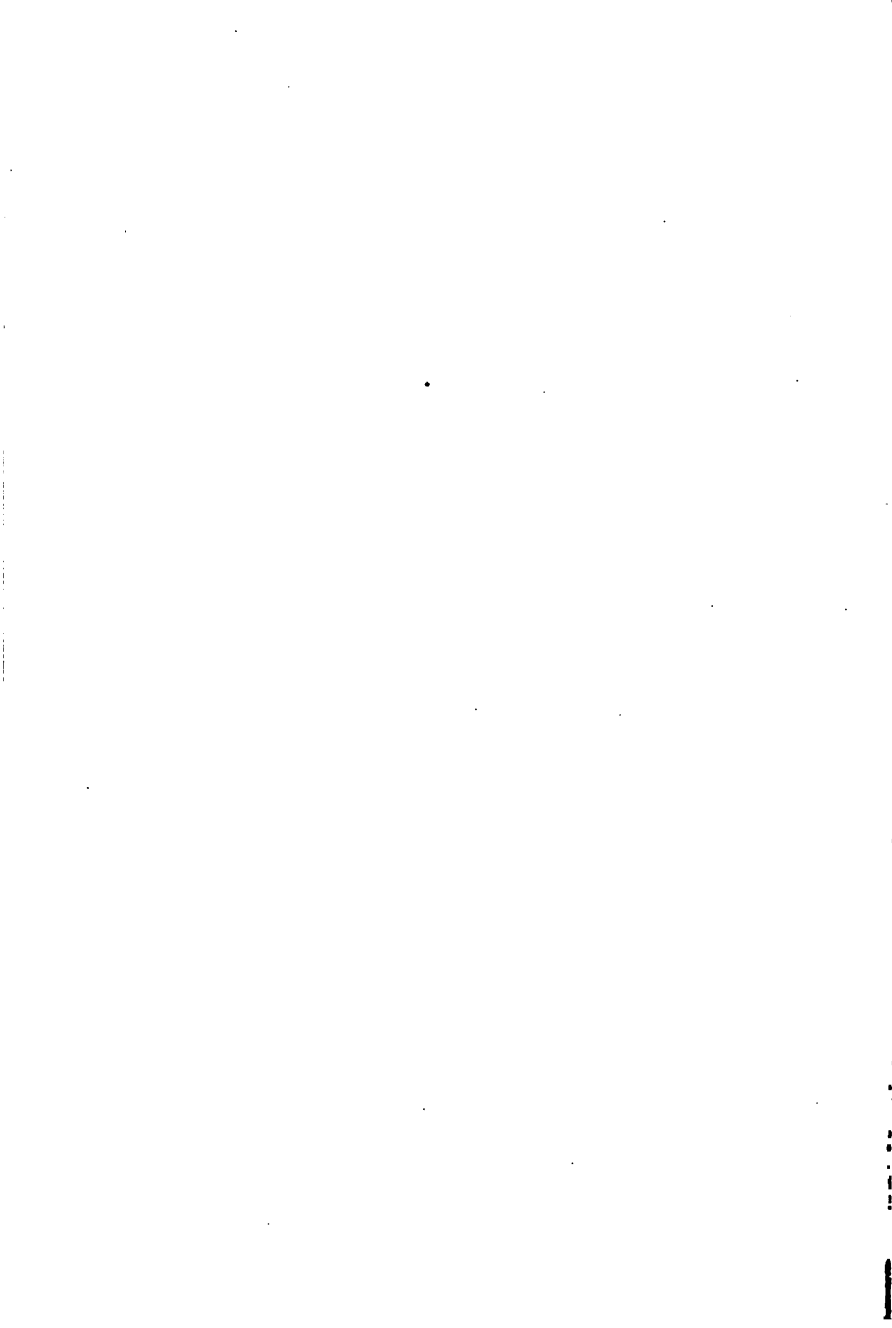
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POEMS OF THE PLAINS



Poems of the Plains

BY

RUSSELL MERIWETHER HUGHES

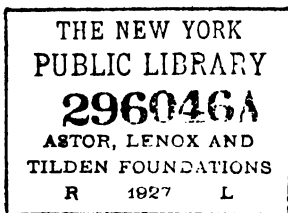
Author of "Mexican Moonlight"

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TO

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POEMS OF THE PLAINS

BACK TO THE OLD TRAIL

Hell, but I'm tired of city life
With its bustle and clatter and noise!
Why, this high-brow, dress-suit, dinner stuff
Don't hold for me no joys!

I'm sick of smoke an' coal-soot,
An' their shacks that they build so high
That with them, an' their heavenly railways,
They can't glimpse their dirty sky!

I ain't never got used to their subways
Thet roars like th' devil let loose.
Their selfish contempt fer outsiders
Gets me! An' I can't see th' use

Of these durned ole 'lectric sign-boards
Thet outshine th' stars an' moon.
An' Villa's nerve is nothin'
Tu thet of a New York coon!

Th' wimmin wear paint an' use costooms
Thet would shame a honest Spick.
An' they smoke! I s'pose I'm old-fashioned
But there ain't one here I'd pick!

They've parted me from my money,
An' they think they're smart fer that,
But they ain't! Why, th' durned ole locoes,
Stared at my John B. hat!

They tole me tu come tu this outfit
Fer a real, sure-'nough good time.
If they'd raffle this burg off in Texas
It wouldn't bring a dime!

So I'm shoutin' good-bye to Broadway
An' I'll follow the sun out there
Tu th' good old Bar X outfit
Where a feller can breathe some air!

THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE LAND

You may talk of your towering mountains
Great cities and rivers grand.
But give me a shack and a broncho
In the heart of the prairieland.

What do we want with mountains
When the clouds build them high in snow
And top them with gorgeous cities
That tumble and fade and grow?

Lingering, longing sunset
Stops for the prairies' kiss;
Burning, jealous moonrise—
What want we more than this?

The singing southwind bending
The prairies grass in waves
And whirling the dust in cyclones
Over the flowers' graves.

A dancing field of bluebonnets
Smiling, wooing sweet,
From the far-off edge of the meadow
Knee-deep, to your roving feet.

Yes, you may have your cities
With their wealth and worldly gains
But give me a shack and a broncho,
A dog, and God's own plains.

THE WHIRR OF THE ROPE

There is a song in the whirr of the rope
As the loop o'er my head swings free,
And I listen close that I may hear
What this humming song may be.

And hark! It sings of the desert's glare
And the shimmering, white mirage;
Of the dried-up creek and the settler's home
Nestling close to its marge.

It sings of mysterious prairie nights
With the thrill of ecstasy;
Of the coyote's wail, of the shooting star
In heaven's immovable sea;

Of the long, long days on the saddle-horn;
Of the work when the round-ups came,
Of the sudden jump to the wild steer's throat,
Of the thrill and the chase of the game.

It hums of a rattlesnake ready to strike;
Of the rancher's burning shack;
Of bleaching bones near a water-hole;
And the "forty-five" smoking black;

Of the freedom of the life in God's own land
Where each to himself is true.
Where each man worships in silent prayer
The flowers and the sunset's hue.

Yes, there is a song in the whirr of the rope
Of the land where there is no fear,
And my heart beats wild for things lost, and I drop
The loop that I may not hear!

GRAY DAYS

Gray days!
Gray like the heart of me;
Dull as the wintry sea;
Empty as life must be;
Gray!

The sky has no color, the wind has no song.
The earth is still, and the hours drag long.
The birds are quiet; the flowers are dead;
The sweet Spring comes not; the Winter has fled.
The sun is dull; the moon is cold;
The bare trees sob and my life is old.

Gray days!
Gray like the heart of me;
Dull as the wintry sea;
Empty as life must be.
Gray!

OUR VOYAGE

Swift away our boat is gliding
O'er a crystal sea
To a fairer land than this one
Made for you and me.

When we reach the borderland, the
World fades away;
Fades away as sweet and soft
As the dying day.

On that other shore, love, the
Land of Make Believe;
You and I with silver thread, our
Dream pictures weave.

Down the river swims our boat
Guided by the hand
Of the Lady of Desire
And her fairy band.

On the river downy swans, like
White-sailed ships;
On the banks the roses grow,
Redder than your lips;

'Neath the willows on the shore
Drinking crystal dew
Play a group of Dryads gay,
None as fair as you.

There's a field of poppies, full
Of heavy, mystic dreams,
Thru the trees the sunlight breaks
Catching golden gleams.

Of your scented hair, love ;
Sprites who play "I-spy"
From the dimple in your cheek
To your laughing eye.

Slender-footed Nereids
Smiling up at you.
I wonder if they're jealous, dear ;
Jealous of us two ?

Look, upon a mountain-cloud
Stands a castle fair
Rearing opal turrets in the
Sweet-swaying air.

The windows are of rubies red,
The garden wall of pearl,
And o'er its smooth, white top, love,
Green tree-banners swirl.

The steps are all of diamonds.
Thru topaz portals there
Is one big, glowing fireplace, and
One arm-chair.

WILL'S COURTSHIP

Will O' th' Wisp is dancing
O'er the moonlit brake.
Hark ye! Hush! Does the fairy queen wake?
Wind's among the treetops
Singing, wooing sweet.
'Neath the marshy undergrowth
The green snake's retreat
Is lighted by the lanthorn of
The gleaming Will O' Wisp
Looking for the sleeping queen.
Hark ye! Hist!

Will O' th' Wisp is wooing
The marsh fairies' queen.
Look ye! Lo, where his light foot has been!
Frogs among the water-cress
Chant a measured tune.
Silvery children of the marsh
Dance beneath the moon.
See the fairy circle; weaving, rhythmic, slow.
Gauzy wings and tiny arms.
Look ye! Lo!

Will O' th' Wisp is looking
For the queen-fay's bower.
Soft ye! Still! Is it this lily-flower?
At his call she wakens
And steps forth, wondrous fair,

In her spun-gold nightie and her
 Unbound hair.
 And upon a nightingale
 With the truant Will
 The fairy queen's eloping!
 Soft ye! Still!

THE CRUCIFIX AT THE CROSS-ROADS

("Here is another cross-roads, a good mile farther forward—and less than a hundred yards behind the fire trench.

At the fourth (corner of the cross-roads) facing south and east, stands what is locally known as a "Calvaire"—a bank of stone, a lofty cross, and a life-size figure of Christ facing east, toward the German lines.

This spot is shelled every day—has been shelled every day for months. Possibly the enemy suspects a machine-gun or an observation post amid the tumble-down buildings. Hardly one brick remains upon another. And yet—the sorrowful Figure is unbroken. The Body is riddled with bullets. In the glowing dawn you may count, not five, but fifty wounds—but the Face is untouched. It is the standing miracle of this most materialistic war. Throughout the length of France you will see the same thing."—IAN HAY in "All In It.")

The sun is setting in its own red blood
 And sharply lined against the crimson sky,
 The Cross of Calvary serenely rears
 Its sacred, sable silhouette on high.

The sun is setting, all the world is still
In evening worship, and its quiet prayer
Rises, like incense, 'round the Cross of Christ
And trembles softly on the breathless air.

The scarlet poppies shake their brilliant heads
And bloom in radiance about His feet,
Scattering above the soldiers' graves
Their dreams of homeland, heavy, scented, sweet.

The scarlet poppies bloom, yet do not hide
The yawning shell-holes, filled with summer rain
Whose many still, deep mirrors do reflect
The face of Him all calm in his last Pain.

The cross-roads has been shelled for days and days
And all about the land is desolate.
The very living trees to earth are brought
By that Teutonic Hymn of deathless Hate.

The cross-roads has been shelled, and tho' the cross
Is broken cruelly,—the beauty bright
Of that most pitying Face has not a scar
To mar the fairness of its Holy Light.

The sun is gone. The world is wrapped in gloom.
The star-shells, bursting, flicker, and the guns
Roar deep.—Yet from Thy Cross there glows
A benediction on Thy erring sons.

LONDON AT NIGHT

London at night! Massive, shadowy,
Pregnant with awful waiting in the dark,
There is a full moon staring from the sky
And gleaming thru the heavy mist, all stark
And cold.—Unwelcome ally of the Huns.

London, wavering, intangible
Beneath the eerie candle of the moon,
Imperturbably moving with the hum
(While her Argus eyes stab thru the gloom)
Of work-a-day, unmindful of the Hun.

A sweeping searchlight wavers, steadies, stops—
The city pauses with suspended breath—
The warning shriek of sirens and the cry,
“Seek cover!”—For the winged death
On winds from Hades, hangs o'er London town.

A bustling in the streets; a heavy boom;
A reddened glare; a dozen lights have caught
Their quarry. In the sky the Zeppelin
Floats, all of a web of colors wrought,
Wickedly beautiful to look upon.

A something dark drops from that fairy craft
Of rainbow dew. But e'er it finds its mark!
The cities' anti-aircraft guns awake
And England's sleepless guardian watch-dogs bark
From throats of steel at the intruding Hun.

The streets are all deserted. London's maw
Has swallowed up her children, and the shells
(Ten tons of high explosives!) fall without
Effect, except to make a hundred wells
Filled up with English hatred of the Hun.

Fear? There is no such word on England's Isle!
At every window, yes, on every roof,
Fair Britain's sons and daughters take their stand
To "see the fun" and give the German proof
His terrifying kultur is in vain.

"She's struck!" A tongue of flame shoots from her
nose
And then a hellish glare lights the dark town.
A moment hangs she, then as if the air
Would have no more of her, she plunges down,
With black-burnt cargo, in a trail of fire.

London at night! Mysteriously dark,
Smiling her defiance thru the night
Filled with her foes, unfeared
Ah, boundless heart.
There are no limits to thy wondrous might.
For lo, Heav'n and *Engelland* are one.

THE HELMET OF THE HUN

A spiked, Prussian helmet! Battered and rusty and bent,
Snatched by the bravest American hand
Out of the terrors of No-Man's Land
And over the blue sea sent.

Where is your factory-forged? What are the horrors you've seen?
Is your heart, like your glistening body, steel?
Are you stamped with the brand of the War-god's seal?
Where in fair France have you been?

Have you thrilled to the cruel laughter on the lips of the head you crowned?
Have you revelled in innocent, wine red blood
And joyed in its ghastly, sinful flood?
Have you echoed the cannon's sound?

Have you carried the stolen Bordeaux wine up to the sneering lip?
Have you had your cavernous, gaping hold
Filled, yet crying for hard-won gold?
Have you shrugged at the sound of the whip?

Or have you crowned a younger head of a boy, per-
haps in his 'teens,

Who never, in all his simple life

Has dared to grasp at the meaningless strife

That blots out his boyhood dreams?

Does a fair-haired maiden, all hopefully sit, awaiting
thru summer and snows?

Did the boy and his sweetheart also feel

The brutal, relentless German heel

That crushed them? Who knows? Who knows?

THE VINDICTIVE

(To Capt. V. J. H., R. A. F.)

As when the head of Holofernes lay
A gory mass, a pulsing, reddened thing,
Staining the silver platter with its blood,
Beneath fair Judith's cold and cruel eye,
So lay the sun against the silver sky
Staining the sea and clouds with scarlet light
Beneath grim German Ostend's million eyes;
An undisturbed hornet's nest; a hole
Of sleeping reptiles, Gila monsters, snakes,
That e'en in slumber squirm about and hiss.

When lo, upon the sea's smooth surface glides
A phantom cruiser, her black hulk outlined
Against the gold-shot red and purple waves.

She might have been the ghost of some great ship
Late risen from her grave of salty sand,
It seemed as though green seaweed clothed her
spars—

(At least it seemed to fear-filled German eyes!)

On, on she came, an ancient-looking thing
And battle-scarred, one of Britannia's hosts;
For high against the slowly graying clouds,
The Union Jack's brave colors ride the wind.

And now, like mad Medusa waking full
With all her hair a hissing, writhing mass,
Transfixing those that on her dread face gaze,
Ostend's great harbor wakes and spits her flame.
And thru the growing dusk the batteries shriek
Their venom-tongued defiance at the ship
That steers, unswerving, on her last death-ride.

The flagship of Zeebrugge! She that stood
So well the riddling shrapnel shells the while
That other gate of Bruges's base was blocked;
And then, her decks blood-smeared and gaping full
Of jagged holes, like staring dead men's eyes.
Triumphant reached her home on her own steam;
Unmindful of the hail of bursting shells,
Bearing her crest as bravely as that king
Who reared his plumes and bright, black armour o'er
The sea of heathen foes on the Crusades.

Manned is she by a handful of strong souls
That smile adieu to life and laugh at death;
Reincarnated spirits of the men
That stood upon the decks of the *Revenge*
With Drake and wiped the seas of Spanish power;

Or fought with Nelson at Trafalgar Bay;
Immortal men, who make fair England's name
Emblazoned gold on History's fair, white page,
And crown her Island-Queen of all the seas.

On sweeps the mighty ship until she gains
The "open-door" wings of the channel, then
A blast of crimson powder lights the gloom—
A crash of timber, and the warship stands
A moment outlined 'gainst the rolling waves,
A moment only, then she slips, without
A groan, but bravely bearing, down.
Her hulk, concrete-filled, blocks the channel-way.

And then from out the blackness of the night
Bourne by the whispering echo of the winds,
It seems a cry is lifted to the heavens—
A cry of joy from distant England's sons;
"The reptiles' nest is shut. No more shall slip
The treacherous U-boat from its home, and those
Black submarines that rove the waters now
May not return to Ostend's rank rat-hole!"

The stars sing thru the splendor of the night
An anthem to the gallant end of her
Who went to death as only England's can.

BILLY THE KID

He was just a piano-pounder
In a cheap New York café
Banging out syncopated airs
'Til the break of the ugly day.

He'd a "fag" forever between his lips;
He was small and sallow and lean;
But the sunshine of youth was in his smile,
He was only seventeen!

Checked pants and a loud silk shirt,
And a tie that was louder still
And a bright, green cap on his curly head.
They called him "the Kid" and Bill.

None remembered his Mother,
Father he'd none at all.
He never had known a home
Save that drunken, dancing hall,

Many a woman had sought him
But he never had had a girl.
His dreams were more than a painted mouth
And a coy, peroxide curl.

"Naw, I ain't had no lessons.
I jus' likes this music gag.
And there ain't no tune wot ever come out
That I heard and couldn't rag!"

It seemed he was fashioned for greater things
Than the hall where the drunkard dies,
For oft the light of a master's dream
Would come to those deep-set eyes.

Then came America's war-call,
Faint and far-away
From where the piano-kid, Billy
Played his ragtime, foolish and gay.

It didn't take long to decide him
With that master's light in his eyes,
And he said good-bye to his music
And laughed at his friends' surprise.

"What th' hell did he go for?"
"O, it's just his dam-fool ways!
He's joined the New York Guardsmen.
He'll desert in a couple of days."

But he didn't desert. And the café
Hired a classy, blonde Jane
To pound the piano, and Broadway
Never saw him again.

Now the kid wasn't overly healthy
But somehow got by the exam,
And he worked for the only relation
He ever had had—Uncle Sam.

Oft on a day's long hiking
When feet began to lag—
"We sure pep up when we hear him
Whistling the latest rag."

Even the Company's mascot
(A well-loved yellow cur)
Had known and loved that whistle
Since he was a ball of fur.

The fellows all seemed to like him.
"He's a darned good kid!" they'd say.
And so passed the days of training
'Til the transport sailed away.

.
Down in the first-line trenches
And every mother's son
Waiting with wild impatience
To go over the top at the Hun.

.
Two weeks there in the trenches
With just an occasional shell.
Sitting in mud and water
In that ghastly, monotonous hell.

Timmie, the Company mascot,
Decided trench life was a bore,
And crawling over the sand-bags
Started out to explore.

"There's Tim out there!" cried a soldier,
And the Company called in vain,
For Timmie lifted his head and barked
And continued to sniff the slain.

"Get Bill! He's down in the dug-out!
He'll whistle him home alright."
And the mascot answered the whistle—
But a Hun must show his might.

And the dog was a wonderful target,
So, amid leaden hail,
Tim jumped his height in the air and fell
With an almost human wail.

"Damn their black hearts, they've killed him!"
"No, look! He moves! He's not dead!"
"As well, for the man who would get him
Brings certain death on his head."

"Billy! Kid! Where are you going?"
"I'm shakin' a hoof after him.
I can't see the poor devil suffer,
An'—hell! I'm no better than him!"

It wasn't a very long journey
But Fritz isn't stingy with lead,
And when Bill slid into the trenches
They caught him and muttered, "Dead!"

"Hell, no!" But his eyes were fast glazing
And the strongest fought with a tear.
Ghostly keys 'neath his fingers, he murmured,
"Where do we go from here?"

A MEMORY SONG OF FRANCE

Wind's across the meadow sweet
Where I ran with brown, bare feet;
Where I chased the butterfly
And dreamed beneath the summer sky,
 In the fields of France,
I have danced away the hours
There amid the blue corn-flowers.
The meadows now are filled with slain
And I can never run again
 Over fields of France.

I can see the meadow brook
And flash of trout the while I look,
I can see the heaven's blue
And the poppies' flaming hue
 Dancing over France.
And the road winds over on
Thru the sunset into dawn.
Now the shell and shrapnel's whirr—
And I can never look on her,
 Never look on France.

Far away an old chateau
Stands, and o'er the river's flow
I can hear my sister's song
In the garden all day long,
 Song of fairy France.

I can see my Mother's face
Looking thru the window lace.
Joys that ne'er will be again
(I can hardly stand *that* pain!)
In the homes of France.

THE PRAYER OF A MOTHER

Blessed Mother of Jesus Christ,
Wonderful Mother of Love,
Send thy hope to my tortured heart
Down from the skies above!

Mary, Madonna, thou that lovedst
And lost thine only Son,
Teach me to say with lowly heart,
"Father, Thy will be done."

They have sent his sabre and Croix de Guerre
Back from our trench-scarred France,
And the wonderful letter the Colonel wrote
Of my Captain's brave advance.

There are the baby shoes he wore,
His christening gown, and all
His worn, tattered school books,
His glove and bat and ball,

There his High School diploma—
Oh, but his smile was bright!
I cannot believe he is dead out there
In the lonely fields tonight!

It seems such a *very* little while
Since he answered his country's call;
Ah, many another has given her bit—
But I have given my all!

“Just wait, little Mother,” I hear him say,
“Till we've hoisted our flag in Berlin,
It certainly won't be a long time now,
Until we Yankees win.”

And, oh, there was pride in his laughing eye!
And, oh he was big and brave!
And now—oh, God—Am I going mad?
He sleeps in a dark, dank grave!

I know he died for a noble cause,
But Mary, Mother mine,
Felt you less the sorrow in that He gave
For the world, His life divine?

He never saw his Croix de Guerre
Though he died in the maw of hell!
Please God, may purest lilies grow
Where my boy hero fell!

I cannot weep, I pray and pray
For just one little tear
To ease the pain about my heart
That I can hardly bear.

For months I've only planned and planned
And thought of what he said
Of all we'd do when he came home,
And now he's dead!—he's dead!

Mother of Jesus, hear my prayer,
When my dark Calvary's won,
Teach me to bear my cross and say,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

THE CALL

*(To the memory of Tom Mooney, Lee Haltom and
Sidney Brooks)*

O, Thou great God, our Father, who hast set
Immortal life above immortal death,
When those broad silver pinions spurned the earth
And rode so splendid on the south-wind's breath.

Was there not something in their mighty sweep
Akin to Thy bright angels' holy wings?
Surely there is no song in heaven or earth
More glorious than the pilot's lone heart sings.

O, Thou great God who caught them to Thy heart
 When they were soaring where the eagle flies,
 When they had heard the Voice from Thine own
 Throne,
 They listened with Thy glory in their eyes.

(They listened and each answered, "Lo, I come!")
 In all the Universe none are more fit
 Than these who saw the Vision, heard the Call,
 Beside Thy Son of Sacrifice to sit.

WAR NEWS

I'm blue today,
 Blue as can be.
 World's dull and gray
 As the inside of me.
 Everything's wrong.
 Can't manage to file.
 And I guess I'm not strong
 For each step seems a mile.
 There's no heart in my work;
 No joy in my "play."
 I don't mean to shirk
 But, good Lord! What a day!
 When the office work's done
 Home-bound my feet lag,
 For you know our one son—
 Well, there's our starred flag.
 Don't seem like home,
 So pent up with fears.

Mother's alone
And her eyes filled with tears.
Prayers and bed and
Back to the store;
Each passing day
Like the one gone before.
Out on the line
His days are the same.
He says, "Doing fine,
But this sitting still game
Is driving me mad!
I want to fight!
But don't tell Mother, Dad
For she thinks it's not right."
But my soldier boy's right
For the Allies' keen sword
Carries the might
Of the wrath of the Lord.
But O! it was hard
To tell him good-bye.
And O! it was hard
To keep a dry eye.
But he would enlist,
Tho' he's scarce in long pants
So we sent him across
To the trenches of France.

I'm blue today
Blue as can be.
Outside's as gray
As the inside of me.

Here! Paper boy! Here!
What's the extra out for?
(God! That wild fear;)
Is it news of the war?
Foe forced over Marne.
Hun defenses grown thin—
"We'll hammer 'em, boys,
"Til we capture Berlin!"
There are whistles and yells
And everyone stands,
Tells the news and retells,
Laughs and shouts and shakes hands.
And I can derive
A joy and a pride
That my boy's in that drive
And not on this side.
It's a beautiful day!
But there's no time to lose
I must hurry away
And tell Mother the news!

MIR KHAN AND AYEZ
(A ROMANCE OF PERSIA)



MIR KHAN AND AYEZ

(A ROMANCE OF PERSIA)

I

Moonlight over *Khorassan!* The stars
Twinkle along the Milk Way like gems
That deck the trailing veil of her who bends
Her full, bright face to kiss the marble domes
Of fairest *Khorassan's* brave Emir's walls.
And yet that pale moon riding thru the sky,
Clothed in the silky vesture of the clouds,
Is not as fair as that sweet Princess who
Holds in her lily hand Al Kashim's heart.
Ayez, the Emir's Favorite! Poets sing
She is more fair than *Lelia*. Her small,
Sweet face shines thru the harem's halls until
Her slaves have named her *Nourmehal*. Dark hair
That curls about the heartstrings of strong men
And makes them helpless as the captive bird.
And her deep eyes! Blue pools whose limpid light
Blinds those they look upon as that *green gem*
Puts out the eyes of the too curious snake.
Her silk-soft cheek is like the lining of
The fairest shell 'neath Oman's purple waves.
She lifts the wine-cup to her lips that shame
The red wine with their redness, and her teeth,
Twin rows of priceless pearls within a mouth
All sugared sweetness, reflecting
The ruby vintage like Narcissus flowers
 wooing the envious current of the stream.

She dances, and her slim, full-bosomed form
Houri-like in its grace, sways like a tall
And scarlet poppy in the embrace of winds
Drunk with its heavy fragrance. Feet, pink-tipped,
Like lotus-flowers blown in a summer breeze,
Scarce touch the shining floor the while she moves
In swooning rhythm to the timbral's sound.

Such is the fairy daughter of the king
Of far Bucharria, and lately come
To lend a beauty to the Emir's halls
As perfect gems grace perfect settings.

But
Tonight, while brave Al Kashim's hosts do fight
In lands afar, and gain strange trinkets wrought
Of gold and silver for the breast of her
Who lounges in her satin-pillowed couch,
Fair Ayez' heart is filled with wonderings.
At last she wearies of her own vague thoughts
And calling to her little Indian slave
Bids her to fetch the silver lute and sing.

SONG

*When thru the golden desert sands
Out toward my foe I ride,
I bid thee think that death alone
Could keep me from thy side.
I bid thee know that, when loud beat
The foeman's kus alarms,
My lone soul swiftly takes its flights
Unto thy velvet arms.*

*Heart of my heart, my spear is bright,
Lit with the fire of thy black eyes' light.
Tulip-mouth, tho' I die for thee,
My love lives thru eternity.*

*O dost thou sit in thine kiosk
My black-haired Luli maid,
And whisper, thru thy wine-sweet lips,
The last love-words I said?
Ah, then it were not hard to die!
Yet shouldst thou laugh away
My love, then it were sweet I died
E'er dawned another day.*

*Princess of Peria, wait for me long
And in the moonlight sing me thy song,
Tulip-mouth tho' I die for thee
My love lives thru eternity.*

At the soft outset of the song
A slender foot upon a cushion tapped
The wooing rhythm. Then that desert prayer
Of love progressing in a minor key
Of passionate pleading to the trembling lute,
Ayez is quiet and her foot is still.
A soft and distant look comes to those eyes
That make the heavens envious with their light,
The red lips part and the free heart of her
Is deep away in *Crishna's* fairyland.
To love! To love! Ayez has known no love
Save for her father and her tame *bulbul*,

And all of Nature's bounteous, great gifts.
 Her lord, Al Kashim is a mighty man
 But many years have passed above his head
 And gray already streaks his bushy beard
 Like truant sunbeams in a hidden pool.
 Not long will *Khorassan's* great Emir wield
 His flashing *umud* on the battlefield.
 The iris-flower of his heart, Ayez
 Can only feel for him a deep regard.
 And tho' she knows the thought is deepest sin,
 She wonders on the mysteries of true love,
 And sighs that she may never feel the pain
 And pleasure of such passion of the stars.

"Ever this thing is facing me! My songs
 Are all of love. The moon speaks naught but love,
 The bulbul in the garden lifts his voice
 In throbbing notes to woo his blackeyed mate.
 The flowers, the trees are all one glorious *yast*
 To that one death in life and life in death!
 Fie on it! Bring my harp that I may sing
 A song that hath no love within its verse!"

SONG OF GURD-AFRID, THE WARRIOR MAID

*Give me a horse, a peerless steed,
 From the Kochlani descended.
 Give me a bow, a mightier bow
 Than Rustem's arm unbended.*

*Give me a jereed of cypress wood
 As sure to find the heart
 As the cypress form of a blushing maid
 Makes the pulses quiver and start.*

*Give me a sword of burnished steel
With golden marquetry wrought
And I will fight with as brave a heart
As ever Sohrab fought.*

*What care I for the sweet gazzel
To the soft syrinda sung?
I'll take the song of war and the clash
Of steel on steel that's rung.*

*O, not for me are the lips of love
Tho' red as wine they be,
The bloody lips of the open wound
Are red enough for me!*

II

The sun is setting and the world is still
With awe at that bright splendor in the west
That scatters gold and puts to shame the pomp
Of *Mahadi's* brave caravan entrained
For Mecca. Ayez in the garden roams
Aimlessly plucking flowers and following
The *trochilus* among the almond trees
Culling the honey from the snowy blooms.
Blasting the crimson-golden quietude,
A *kerna's* call is heard afar. And now
The cry, "The Emir!" rings within the gold
And porphyry palisades where laughing maids
Prepare to make all ready for their lord.
Ayez' pearly ear catches the sound.
A smothered sob contracts her ivory throat.

The flowers fall unheeded to the ground
 And, pausing one short breath she hastens in
 To deck her own bright person for his eyes.

Within the harem all is hurrying.
 Incense and wood of aloes set to burn
 In cassolets, are making sweet the air.
 There's rouge and surma for fair cheeks and eyes,
 And golden anklets tinkle on fair limbs
 Which trip in time to that rough song that's sung
 By those victorious warriors who fling
 Their triumph to the winds wafting their song
 On airy wings into the harem's walls.

WARRIOR'S TRIUMPH SONG

*We're marching from the battlefields
 Where the Arab chief his spiked gerz wields.
 Our hearts beat quick with triumph high,
 We scorn the foe and his anguished cry.
 Our spear-heads gleam, unbroken, bright
 Like Oman's waves in the gold sunlight,
 Like the desert's sands' quick fiery light.*

*We bring prisoners decked in gold
 And Arab gems and wealth untold.
 Our horses are proud, and never a fleck
 Or wound 'neath the ox-hair tassels that deck.
 We're coming back from war's alarms
 Back to the warmth of our loved one's arms;
 Back to our loved one's soft, white arms.*

Louder and louder grows the song
Until Al Kashim strides into the *souhib*,
Fully armoured. His fiery heart
Impatient of the time 'twould take from her
Whom most he loves, to change his war-like gear.
There is the greeting, passionate, almost rough
On his part. And on hers a passiveness
Cold in its white indifference. And he
Sees not that the pale child he wed and who
At his departure had a childish awe
For him she called her husband,
Has in this short time become a woman. And yet
more
A woman undeceived and wanting love
To enter her dark heart and make it bright
As Cashmere's vales when roses are in bloom.

Al Kashim seats himself upon a couch
Piled high with silken, perfumed cushions.
A dozen fairy hands with lightest touch
Remove from his proud head the helmet, plumed
With sable heron feathers. Ayez
Herself, takes his great scimitar and shield.

And now, with clash of *zel*, the *xiraleet*
In song of triumph, high and pure ascends.
And Ayez' voice, more sweet than syrinx sound
Across the wood when spring is in its bloom
Intoxicates the Emir's heart,
Like that white wine from Kishmee's fertile shore.

ZIRALEET.

*Emir of Khorassan, Al Kashim, hail!
 Bravest of chieftains, mightiest of kings.
 From Kaf to Kaf thy wondrous goodness rings.
 Great Suliman was not more wise than thou
 And 'fore thy sceptre all the nations bow
 In homage. Birds of heaven sing thy praise.
 O, everlasting be thy golden days!
 Emir of Khorassan, Al Kashim, hail!*

The song is over and Al Kashim begs
 A dance of her whom most her lord adores
 That she may make his triumph thus complete,
 Smiling, yet half reluctant, Ayez nods
 And rising from the *musnud* at his feet,
 Signals for soft music from the lutes.
 Unwittingly the maidens who have set
 Their slim, brown fingers to the strings, select
 The well-known love-song of some ancient bard.
 The Princess steps out on the polished floor
 And she is beautiful as Ayn Hali and
 As fragrant as th' *eclaya* tree that spends
 Its breath of perfume on the summer breeze.
 Graceful she is as some slim cypress tree
 Bent in the amorous breath of southern winds.
 And her *Yusuf*-like face shines out as fair
 And pale as almond blossoms 'neath the moon.
 She dances, yet the tenderness of that
 Love song grasps at her heart and holds it tight,
 Until tears come into those turquoise eyes

Making them dark and sad as that deep blue
Of mourning. Yet she smiles, and like the fruit
Of *Istkahar*, hiding her bitter side,
She shows the doting Emir only sweetness.

As the last note dies away
Al Kashim rises and in thunderous voice
Proclaims her queen of every living maid.

“Ayez, mine own,” (Ah, no, not thine!) “List now
Thou red, red rose that makest Cashmere’s flowers
To blush when thou art nigh. On that far shore
At the last bloody battle which we fought
And won from those great Arab warriors, I
Singled the chiefest out and gave to him
Hand to hand conflict. And withal he was
The mightiest of all that mighty force,
I conquered him. Yet had he slain thy lord
Had not brave Alli come unto my aid.

This same brave Arab have I brought in chains
To Merou and for this exquisite dance
I give him you for slave.”

A murmur runs
About the breathless cirque of listening maids.
The Princess Ayez feels like the false dawn
That gives the promise of a brighter day,
A sudden breath of freshness in her heart,
And yet she does not know the why of it.

Answering a summons from the Emir come
Two negro slaves, escorting Mir Khan,

Arabia's Prince. And framed within the door
 That's draped with gold-cloth, is a picture fit
 For some immortal artist to portray.
 Three wondrous statues. Two in ebony wrought
 Mighty of limb, not lacking grace, but with
 A certain bulkiness in their great frames
 That stamp them more the animal than man.
 Between these two a figure full as tall
 As the black slaves, and stronger still than they
 If rippling muscles 'neath a satin skin
 Of marble whiteness, speak aright.
 Black curls that have no rival in their sheen
 Save those black falcon eyes that look from out
 A face at once to fear and love. Red lips
 Firm set in pride. Yet lips that might unfold
 And breathe such words of love as never maid
 Had heard. A face that made his warriors
 Follow him thru seas to deepest hell.
 Coldly indifferent to that gasp of awe
 As Yusuf to Zulaikah's charms, he stands
 Veiling a galléd pride beneath hauteur.

.

Poor Ayez! As the *Locust* flew to that
 Fountain of Birds, flies Ayez' heart beneath
 The feet of Mir Khan, but that great prince
 Casts not his bright, black eye on her fair face
 Which charms the very birds that on it look.
 "Like you not him? I captured him full fair."
 The Emir's heavy voice breaks thru the still,
 Deep silence that falls after that first gasp.

One brilliant smile from Ayez is reward
For all Al Kashim's battles. Yet that smile
Hides 'neath its brightness all the hopeless pain
Of love that's born but to be put to death.
Hiding her agony, the Princess turns
And taunts with biting jest and cruel word
The man whom she would die for e'er he felt
The slightest pain. Emir Al Kashim laughs
At that sharp scoffing that would cut more deep
Than stroke of *Chabuk*. But the Prince seems not
To hear her words, but stands as still and calm
As a white statue, which, indeed, he seems.

"Enough," the Emir laughs. "Thy tongue cuts
deep,

Besides I fear me I have stayed o'erlong
I am weary with my journey and would rest.
Ayez, my rose, farewell once more and yet
'Tis only farewell for a little while.
And if thou tire of thy Arab slave
Send him to me."

Emir Al Kashim goes

And following him, like rosy satellites,
The harem women leave th' apartment where
Ayez stands and with sharp, quick breath surveys
The man who is at once her shackled slave
And master.

Now the whispering maids return
With light, low laughter and the tinkling trill
Of silver bracelets and gold anklets. Sounds
That blend into a harmony as rare
As Chindara's famed fountain. But Ayez

Firm in a new resolve, meets at the door
That perfumed bevy of fair girls,
And with imperious gesture, bids them go.
A murmur of dissent arises now
At leaving Ayez with the Prince alone.
But the favorite Princess is resolved
And, followed by the two black Nubian slaves
The whispering group of damsels glide away
Like a murmuring brook at eventide.
Lit up to reds and golds by the last kiss
Of the long dying sun. The last one slips
Thru the gold draped portals and Ayez
Is all alone with slave-prince Mir Khan.

III

O, ecstasy of love! Too deep to die
Because thou'rt crushed, but like that grass that
 grows
Upon the murmuring Ganges fertile shore
Art made the sweeter with the crushing! Pain
Exquisite stabs Ayez' white body, 'til
She reels with it. And yet she only loves.
She has found that thing for which she longed and it
Has made her empty life a thing of joy
Peopling her garden with a thousand birds
And butterflies.

 Breathless, without a sound
Save the soft tinkle of her anklets' bells,
Ayez approaches Mir Khan,
With scented fingers touches timidly
The great arm at once so strong and beautiful.

But for her timid, fairylike caress
There is no answer save the tightening
Of muscles in the arm that felt the touch
As of the kiss of some bright Peri. She
Who gave it draws back and the pride of all
Her forbears rises in revolt. "Can he,
A prisoner and at my mercy, dare
Ignore the princess he calls mistress now?
Then shall I humble him although it tear
The very heart from out my quivering breast."

Ayez now dons the Emir's helm and shield
And takes his scimitar and with quick wit
Mimics with flashing gesture and sharp word
The downfall of the proud Arabian Prince.
The spirit of the captive Mir Khan
Is sore tried, and yet he stands as quietly
As tho' he heard not, but his finger nails
Bit deep into the flesh, and his strong jaw
Works with the trial of bearing cruel jests.
Ayez sees that she fails to move
The Arab from his native dignity.
With one more taunt, she raises high the sword
And brings, with her small strength, the flat of it
Down upon his shoulders with a blow
That wounds the spirit and that leaves the flesh
Unmarked. "Allah!" he mutters. Then he swells
His mighty sinews and the chains that hold
His wrists and ankles snap beneath the strain,
Terror strikes the breast of Ayez,
But her woman's wit forsakes her not and she

Remembers that the prince has never looked
Directly on her face. With taunting dare
She flings a dagger at the feet of him
Whose anger has unloosed the bonds of iron
On body and on spirit. Catching up
The glittering toy of death, he raises it.
But Ayez has unveiled her shining face
And bared her breast to take the Arab's blow,
And that high-upraised arm remains as tho'
'Twere dead as *Egypt's* city. Fearless stands
The Princess and her beauty dazzles him
Until the dagger falls from his spent grasp
And Mir Khan, the proud, the haughty Prince
Falls to his knees and kisses her gown's edge.

IV

ARABIAN LOVE SONG

*Fair maid with sumbul flower eyes
Dost sit tonight and think of me?
Do priceless pearls, more rich, more rare,
Than that which deep in Oman lies
And decks the Princess of the sea
Lie on thy cheek so fair?*

*Ah, do not weep, my starshine one,
Tho' many farsangs 'tween us leap
More constant I than *Egypt's* star
And when my distant journey's done
I'll come to thee, sweet maiden, sleep
While *Monat* guards thee from afar.*

*And when thou wakest, lo, I come
And "Alla Abkar" is my cry
My voice with love is sweet for thee
As honey-bees low, drowsy hum
Where Kauzeroon's orange blossoms lie
Will thy voice be for me?*

How many nights has Ayez crept from out
Her silken couch the while the harem slept
And listed, with dew-impearled eyes
At her dark casement, Mir Khan's deep voice
Singing his love-songs to th' impassioned stars.

At first, after she had Al Kashim told
She wanted not his Arab Prince for slave,
And the lord Emir had imprisoned him
To await his pleasure, death or punishment,
Ayez heard not the songs of Mir Khan.
But one night when the moon was far too bright
And Ayez' throbbing heart too dark for sleep,
She crept unto the window and there came
Stealing across the moonlit world a voice
More sweet than Israfel's. And Ayez smiled
And found a certain joy in those love-songs
Not meant for her. So every night she came
Some nights he sang not, but more oft he sang.

But on this night *Ahriman* enters in
Her garden and lays all to waste therein
As tho' the dark marks on the tulip cup
Spread out and blackened the whole fragrant flower.

Jealousy steals the treasure from the song
And leaves the serpent there. And Ayez creeps
Back to her bed and sobs herself to sleep.

All in the days that follow, Ayez sits
And broods, and hates with everlasting hate
The Arab maiden (Ah, she must be fair
To have won his love!) to whom Mir Khan sings.

Finally, daring all, she summons slaves,
(Emir Al Kashim having gone to Kom
And Cashim on a pilgrimage) bids them
To bring Mir Khan to her. Her pulses throb
But bidding fear stand off, she decks herself
In all that is most beautiful to prove
That she is fairest of all Persian maids.

In the Princess's own apartment, slaves
Are adding beauty to th' already rich
Appearance of the room where Ayez plans
To win or kill the man she loves and hates.
Thick rugs are piled upon the polished floors.
And 'neath the heavy tapestry of the couch
Are perfumed cushions of as many shades
As burn within the gem that opens its eyes
Where thunder falls. The golden lamps are lit
But seem to steep the room in purple shades
That night herself could not cast heavier.
Upon the low, pearl table there is set
A basket of the choicest fruits that grow
The *mangusteen*, the *suns-seed* and the fruits
That thrive within the thousand gardens of
Caulbul. And o'er them all the tamarind

Blushing, rosy, tempting. Incense set
To burn is vying with the heavy scent
Of all the fairest flowers that grow.

Mir Khan

Set free within the portal of this heaven
Sees not a soul, hears not a sound save that
Of mystic music, faint and far-away.
That chamber is mysteriously fair
As Suliman's own halls. Yet the Prince
Gives it but one quick glance and steps
To the casement where the myriad stars look down
Thru heaven's blue space, like star-fish burning
bright

Within the bosom of the Persian Gulf.
Beneath the window in the garden now
A bulbul strikes the heavy silence with
A rhapsody of rapture. As he sings
Mir Khan feels that another stands within
The room, and, turning, sees beneath the lamp
That floods the throne with Zeilan's red light
A vision such as never man beheld;
The Princess Ayez, clothed in bridal white
Her tiny feet in cushions buried deep
Her sweet, pink hands upon her fluttering breast
And in her eyes the light of Paradise.
And who could look upon that vision fair
As *Gul-sad Berk*, from snowy peacock plumes
Within her hair as bright as *Champac's* leaves,
To her bare coral-tinted feet,
Without an admiration, deeply fraught
With veneration, Mir Khan, struck dumb

With her angelic beauty, merely stands
 And drinks with his whole heart the wondrous sight
 Of her enchanting presence.

Like sweet honey from the rhododendron flower
 That steals men's wits, her presence maddens him
 Until, forgetting all save her,
 His very soul within his eyes, he moves
 As in a daze, to the bright feet of her,
 And casts his kingly body down, his lips
 Love-drunk, are crying that beloved name
 Of "Ayez, Ayez!" like a holy prayer.

The Princess' very heart is singing 'til
 She fears the prostrate Arab Prince will hear
 Its yast of joy and love. But for fear
 She wrongly read the love-light in his eyes
 And 'tis but slave's submission that he shows,
 The Princess seats herself and with a smile
 Half hidden, like a wayward summer cloud
 Across the sun's bright face, thus she speaks,
 "There is a silver lute within thy grasp
 And I would hear thee sing the golden songs
 Of Araby."

And, nothing loath, Mir Khan
 Catches the lute up, and in resonant voice
 His eyes upon the blushing Ayez' face
 Sings:

LOVE SONG

*A lotus-bud smiles in the garden below
 It is blue as the sky. And the hyacinths grow
 Close to the roses from Cashmere's vales
 And the lilies that bend and blow.*

*The scarlet berries burn on the vine,
Where the bulbul swings, singing, "Wine, wine, wine!
'Til he changes his theme to one of love
That has not the wonder of mine.*

*But the blue lotus-flower is not as fair
As thine eyes. And the hyacinth envys thy hair.
And thy lily-white cheek more beautiful is
When a rose-blush blossoms there.*

*The sparkling ruby melted to wine
Is nor red nor sweet as those lips of thine.
Maiden, I die with the thirst of love,
Save this poor life of mine!*

"And who is she for whom thou weav'st this song?"

"And who is she, thou sayest, who is she?
Ah, can it be, fair maid, thou dost not know
The magic of thine eyes? The witchery
Of thy cobweb of heavy, scented hair?
Dost thou not know th' enchantment of thy voice
That mak'st *Celestia's* songs to sound in vain?
O, Ayez, queen of Peria, thou hast cast
A spell of sorcery about me 'til beneath
The light of thine eyes, blue as Nishapour
The Mount of Talisman would seem but small.
Nourjehan, Light of the World, since first I gazed
Upon thy face, my heart was struck with love.
Such love as I had steeled myself against
But love as strong and gentle as southwinds,
And, as Samoor softens the lute strings,
My steeled heart-strings were softened by my love.

O, can it be that in thy gentle heart
There is one spark of pity for the Prince
That smiles at death yet quivers lest thy word
Be harsh?"

“Mir Khan, list ye, while I confess.
My heart was thine e'er thou hadst seen my face.
Thou wert cold, and wicked dives had spilt
The *Kerzerah* within the gold wine-cup
At night thy songs brought happiness until
I feared that eyes beneath a black silk mask
Lit up thy garden. Yet the tears that fell
Like *Nisan*, created priceless pearls
In my heart's shell that empty was before.”

“Thou lovest me? O, happiness undreamed!
The glorious song of Israfel were not
As wonderful to hear as those sweet words
Soft and faltering, that confess
The love of Princess Ayez for Mir Khan.”

“O, tell me, Prince of lovers, King of Kings,
Can it be sin to give my heart to you
When Lord Al Kashim has no part of it?”

“Emir Al Kashim!” Mir Khan turns pale
And knits his brows and looks elsewhere, then in
The anxious eyes of Ayez.

“I'd forgot
The Emir,” mutters Mir Khan low.

Ayez, with growing terror in her voice
Goes on, “My husband married me when I
Was but a child. How long ago it seems!
And yet 'twas just a little while. Could he
Expect to win my love? O, Mir Khan,

Thou whom alone I love, I grow afraid!
Tell me with thy well-belovéd voice
That I shall not be sunk because I love,
As Mauri-ga Sima was sunk for sins.

Thou dost not answer. Speak, O speak to me!
I could not guide the action of my heart?"

"No, no, sweet maid, the sin is not on thee
But on myself. And yet tomorrow's sun—"

The Princess clings unto her lover's arm
And, in excess of terror at the gloom
That sits upon his brow, whispers, "What?"

"Ay, what? My star, we dare not guess. The
least
Were death for me."

"Not death!" The Princess' shriek
Rings out until the lute-strings echo it.
But as she gazes on the darkened face
Of Mir Khan and sees the truth writ there
She sobs, like some spent child, in his arms.
And Mir Khan, his happiness down-crushed
That is but one-hour old, does comfort her,
As only lovers know the way.

When her tears have spent themselves and she, at last
Lies quiet on his breast, the Prince speaks low.
Strokes her dark hair and tells her that to live
Without her cannot be. And she is brave
And lifts her wet eyes to his own and says:

"My tears are o'er and I am now as brave
As Arabia's Prince, who, seeking death,
Will find the Princess Ayez at his side
E'er he has reached the shadowy walls
Of the vast city of the Silent."

Mir Khan

Protests, "Ah, no, it were not right that thou
So young, so beautiful, should die. For me
Better the warrior's death by shining steel
Than punishment of the *dar*. But thou
Live on. Thou'rt young and will forget."

"Forget?"

As soon will *Zindarud* dry up. As soon
The sun forget to shine; the moon to rise
As Ayez to forget the Prince Mir Khan."

"I'll not dissuade thee, then."

Arising

With his strong arm round the Princess' waist
Forming a zone of love, he takes in his hand
A jewelled dagger and with one short prayer
To Allah and one purple kiss for her
Whose red lips quiver 'neath the touch of his,
Mir Khan, a true son of the gods,
Strikes and faces death from the cold steel
And meets it like the warrior he is.

Ayez with biting horror is struck dumb.
"O, Prince of Princes, son of Araby!
Who is the Being who would have thy death
And let th' unworthy Ayez live to see
Thee cold and lifeless at her adoring feet?
Farewell, thou radiant one, yet not for long,
For even now I draw the dagger from thy side.
That I may plunge it in my heart.

.

And when those two grim *Searchers of the Grave*
Behold thee where thou liest within the earth

They'll see upon thy breast a lotus flower—
The soul of Ayez e'er wilt be with thee.

This little hour of love has been to me
A blooming lavender in my desert life.
My arm is not as strong as thine, Mir Khan,
For see, the ruby steel bites not as deep.
And yet—'tis deep enough,—I envy thee
As thou liest smiling in thy dreamless sleep.
I am weary, and the goal is nearly won—
In life—in death—thine, thine!—I come, I come!"

*The day is ended and the night is cold.
The purple shadows creep. The tale is told.
There are no sweet-meats in the crystal cup
There's no rose-apple in the basket's nest.
And all the flowers, save the rayhan droop.
The garden's still. The birds have gone to rest.
How can we know to-morrow's sun will shine
Although a ruby flashes on the vine?
We can but live and die for our one love
And let the aftermath be what it will,
The purple-flowered Alma-tree yet blooms
And tho' the night is closing, Saki, fill!*

Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, province or region of the sun. *Sir W. Jones.*

Lelia was one of the famous beauties of Persian poetry.

Nourmehal—Light of the Harem.

"They say that if a snake fix his eyes on the luster of those stones (emeralds) he immediately becomes blind."—*Ahmed-ben Absalazia.*

Kus, a drum which was beat in the camps and palaces of the eastern princes.

Kiosk, a silk pavilion.

Luli, a tribe of desert Gypsies noted for their beauty and musical accomplishments.

Peria—Fairyland.

Crishna—The Indian Apollo, worshipped by the women.

Umud—Sword.

Bulbul—Nightingale.

Yast—Hymn.

Kochlani—Horses which derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.

Gazzel—Love-song.

Syrinda—Indian Guitar.

Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six million dinars of gold.

Trochilus—Humming-bird.

Kerna—A kind of trumpet.

Gerz—Mace or club.

Souhib—An apartment of the Harem.

Zel—Moorish instrument of music.

Ziraleet—A chorus the women sing on joyful occasions.

Kaf to Kaf—It was popularly supposed that the mountain of Kaf encircled the flat earth. Thus it means, "From east to west" or "To the uttermost boundaries of the earth."

Musnud—A cushioned seat, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

Yusuf—Joseph, whose beauty won the heart of Zulaikah, Potiphar's wife.

The apples of Istkahar were sweet on one side and bitter on the other.

Locust—A bird of Khorassan lured southward by means of a fountain between Shirez and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds.

Chabuk—"The application of whips or rods."—*Dubois*.

Ishmonie—A petrified city in upper Egypt.

Ahriman—A demon, the principle of evil.

Mangusteen—The most delicate fruit in the world and the pride of Malay Islands.

Suns-seed—A delicious kind of apricot.

Gul-sad-Berk—The rose of a hundred leaves.

Champac blossoms are of a gold-color.

Celestia—There is a goldfinch which sings so melodiously as to be called the Celestial Bird.

Kerzerah—A poisonous flower.

Nisan—Drops of spring rain.

Dar—A punishment. Supposedly breaking or tearing the body upon a stake.

Zindarud—A river of Isphan famed for its gardens and palaces.

Searchers of the Grave Monkir and Nakir, so-called in the "Creed of the Orthodox Mahometans." Two terrible angels.

Rose-apple or Jambu, called Amirita, is immortal.

Rayhan—Sweet-basil, generally found in graveyards.



